

# HOLD ON ABRAHAM!

Uncle Sam's Boys are Coming Right Along.

By W. B. BRADBURY, and sung with immense success by Wood's Minstrels.  
Published by WM. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

We're going down to Dixie, to Dixie, to Dixie,  
We're going down to Dixie, to fight for the dear old Flag;  
And should we fall in Dixie, in Dixie, in Dixie,  
And should we fall in Dixie, we'll die for the dear old Flag.

CHORUS.

Hold on Abraham, never say die to your Uncle Sam;  
Uncle Sam's boys are coming right along, six hundred thousand strong.

Our Flag shall float o'er Dixie, o'er Dixie, o'er Dixie,  
Our Flag shall float o'er Dixie, the Red, the White and Blue;  
We'll ne'er give up 'till Dixie, 'till Dixie, 'till Dixie,  
We'll ne'er give up 'till Dixie, sings Yankee Doodle Doo.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

Our Halleck's bound for Dixie, for Dixie, for Dixie,  
Our Halleck's bound for Dixie, with a million boys or two:  
He'll never give up Dixie, old Dixie, old Dixie,  
He'll never up Dixie, 'till she's back in the Union true.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

General Grant he's in Dixie, in Dixie, in Dixie,  
General Grant he's in Dixie, and ready for the foe:  
Do you think he'll give up Dixie, old Dixie, old Dixie,  
Do you think he'll give up Dixie, oh, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

Bold Kearney fell in Dixie, in Dixie, in Dixie,  
Bold Kearney fell in Dixie, while fighting for us all:  
And there is General Burnside, our Burnside, old Burnside,  
And there is General Burnside, he will avenge his fall.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

And where is General Butler, our Butler, old Butler,  
And where is Picayune Butler, he's gone to Dixie's town:  
And there he keeps a stirring, a stirring, a stirring,  
And there he keeps a stirring, the Secesh up and down.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

Brave comrades have come from Dixie, from Dixie, from Dixie,  
Brave comrades have come from Dixie, to speed the cause along:  
They're going back to Dixie, to Dixie, to Dixie,  
They're going back to Dixie, with a Brigade full and strong.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

Our friends have gone to Dixie, to Dixie, to Dixie,  
Our friends have gone Dixie, to fight for the dear old Flag:  
And we're all going to Dixie, to Dixie, to Dixie,  
And we're all going to Dixie, to stand by the dear old Flag.

Chorus.—Hold on Abraham, &c.

Johnson, Song Publisher, Stationer & Printer, No. 7  
N. Tenth St., 3 doors above Market, Phila.

# HOLD ON ABRAHAM!

Urge your people to come to the Coming Right Wing.

By Mr. G. Parker, and with illustrations by Mr. George Minot.

It is the battle of the ages, to Dize, to Dize,  
We are going down to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
And should we fall in Dize, to Dize,  
The world will be lost in Dize, to Dize.

Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize,  
Urge your people to come to the Coming Right Wing, to Dize.

Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
We are no worse than the Devil, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

Our fight is won, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is won, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

Our fight is lost, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is lost, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
We are no worse than the Devil, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
They have us, to General Butcher, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

Our fight is lost, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is lost, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
They have us, to General Butcher, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
They have us, to General Butcher, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
Our fight is still on, to Dize, to Dize, to Dize,  
They have us, to General Butcher, to Dize, to Dize,  
Hold on, newspaper, hold on, to Dize, to Dize.

N. Tenth St., 8 o'clock spoke Market Pipe,  
Johnson, Son of Parker, Stationer of Printer, No. 3